

## LARGEST EDUCATIONAL AND SCIENTIFIC

THEY SEEMED TO BE HAVING  
QUITE A JOLLY TIME TOGETHER,  
CHATTING LIVELY AND GIGGLING  
EVERY NOW AND THEN.

And he didn't want to be bothered  
talking to any female until he'd  
nourished himself.

So I couldn't see where Hartley  
was going to make much of a success  
as a Romeo, or how he was ever  
going to get a start. But mother, in  
her calm, restful way, was conducting  
what almost amounted to a continuous  
campaign for him. We could  
watch her pick out first one girl and  
then another for Hartley and maneu-  
ver to get 'em together. And it was  
always some plump, unschooled  
young lady that she'd pin the tag on.  
One or two was regular fates.

"She don't mean to have any more  
cross-matings in her family, eh?" I  
remarks to Vee when I saw Mrs.  
Fipps urgin' Hartley to go and be  
nice to this Doris Bradley.

"They do look rather well together,"  
says Vee, eyin' them start off for a  
fox trot.

"That's a good deal of a husk, Doris  
is," says I. "And in a few years from  
now, if she keeps on, she'll make the  
pumped-out class. But I expect it  
will please Mother Fipps to see 'em  
go puttin' up the grades in chorus.  
Looks like a match at last, don't it?"

"Uh-huh, it did. Not that Hartley  
suddenly bloomed out into a sighin'  
Romeo. But him and Doris trailed around  
more or less together and begun actin'  
as though they were gettin' sort  
of used to each other. Nothing hec-  
tic or violet about the course of their  
true love. You'd see 'em sittin' out  
two or three dances without swappin'  
hardly a word. But that's generally  
a sign that it's all settled, and while  
there'd been no announcement in the  
society columns, or any engagement  
parties, or anything like that, it was  
generally understood that they had  
paired off permanent. And Mrs. Fipps  
went around beamin' happy and tell-  
ing folks what a dear girl Doris was.

And then came this annual charity  
fund ball, which is the big affair in  
Harbor Hills when everybody buys a  
five-dollar ticket and turns out in full  
evenin' dress. Vee and I had gone  
through the usual debate as to  
whether or not I should wear white  
gloves as I'd compromised by puttin'  
'em on for the first fifteen min-  
utes and then tuckin' the things into  
the back pocket of my clayhammer,  
same as most of the other men did.  
It's the regulation crush, with almost  
the full club membership suddenly  
pawing me familiarly and arruin' out  
a new lot of enests besides. All for  
the sake of buildin' a hospital some-  
time or other. You know the kind  
of thing. Well, wasn't I nudgin' 'em  
in the mob, and I don't expect he was  
wonderin' where I was, either. But  
somehow, along about the third  
dance, I finds myself pushed into a  
corner right next to him. And with  
his buigin' shirt front, and a tight

"Maybe you don't know what a he-vamp  
you are when you get dolly in your  
soup and fish costume?"

"Oh, shut up," says he. "And if  
you've no idea who she—"

"Well, she came with the Dickinsons,  
if that'll help any," says I. "I remem-  
bered 'em unlead from their divler  
couple."

"The Dickinsons? Huh?" says Hart-  
ley, registerin' contempt.

Course, they hardly belong, the Dick-  
insons. Not to Hartley Fipps' set, any-  
way. For Doc Dickinson is the new  
dentist that's opened up a tooth pluggin'  
parlor over the bank within the last  
year or two. New appearin' young chap,  
too, and young Mrs. Dickinson is quite  
a stunner, but were kind of exclusive  
who we take in out at our country  
club, you know. Oh, we don't mind on  
such occasions as this. We'll stand for  
almost anything when it's a case of  
charity.

"See?" says Hartley, nudgin' me.  
"She has spotted me again. Now what  
the deuce does she mean?"

Sure enough, this long-gone young  
lady does seem to be giving Hartley  
the thorough up and down. Not com-  
mally or in an off-hand way, but sort  
of bold and brazen.

"What makes you think you're the  
one?" Hartley? I asks. "Remember I'm  
here, too."

"Well, you're welcome to her, I'm  
sure," says he. "Only this isn't the first  
time. Say, isn't she the cool one,  
though? I tried to stare her down  
then, but nothing doing. She kept right  
on. Never batted an eyelash."

"That's right," says I. "You've put  
the Cupid sign on her for keeps. I  
should say."

"Me?" protests Hartley. "Say, I  
didn't know she existed until she be-  
gan. But see here, Torchy; you know  
this Dickinson, don't you? Why can't  
you find out who she is and her name  
and where she came from? That's a  
good chap."

"Well, seein' we're with some old friends,  
Hartley," says I. "I'll try. Only we'd  
better keep it quiet from Doris, hadn't  
we?"

"Oh, bother Doris!" says he. "She  
wouldn't care. Besides, she don't intend  
to speak to the girl. Just want to  
know about her."

"All right," says I. "I'll scout around  
a bit. As a matter of fact I'm kind of  
interested myself."

I was, too. It seemed so kind of odd  
that anybody should fall for an over-

you the tall charmer's name. It  
was Ann Drinkwater.

"He don't get it at first, but simp-  
gawits at me."

"Oh, come!" says I. "Ain't it de-  
scriptive? Don't she look like a long  
drink of water? What?"

"He-he," explodes Hartley. "Sa-  
that's rich, isn't it? Ann Drink-  
water? Oh, my?"

Then I gives him the other detail  
of your dancing. "You might know," says he. "A  
art student from Tennessee! Say, he  
wonder she's such a cross-fro. But  
should she stare at me? Didn't dis-  
cover that, I suppose?"

"Sure," says I. "She's stuck on  
your dancing. That's why. And  
take it she's some jazz-footer herself.  
You're two of a kind, Hartley. So  
mates as it were. See? So-o-le?"

"Ah beans!" says Hartley.

"Honest?" says I. "She's crazy  
to meet you, too."

"Beans?" says Hartley, a'staz, over-  
workin' his favorite expression.

"Well, I'm only telling you what  
she handed, not says I. Now she  
me promise to fix it up and I said  
would if I could. Course, I know  
stand a good chance of gettin' it  
wrong with your family, but if you  
two are bound to get together  
why—"

"Say, who do you think you're kid-  
ding?" snorts Hartley as he turns  
and waddles off.

So I had my chuckle out of it and  
was going to let it ride at that. But  
no deep blower in such things. For  
you never know what you're startin'  
up. You seem to be havin' a good  
happens, but about the time they be  
gum pussin' around the ice cream  
slabs and the cake—we knew it was  
about as good as we'd just seen Her-  
ley camp down in an armchair with  
his rations—Vee and I were wander-  
in' around shakin' for some friends  
who'd asked us to join 'em for  
cakes, when up drifts this Miss Drink-  
water.

"Please," says she, "I've lost the  
Dickinsons."

"That's tough," says I. "Then how  
was going to let it ride at that. For  
thing better than that. Just a minute  
later, Hey, Hartley!"

"That didn't do it," says I. "You  
had the orchestra tuned up again  
after intermission, then Ann ar-  
Hartley went to the floor toddlin'  
away mad and merry."

"Look, Vee!" says I. "Some combi-  
nations, eh?"

"Vee, snickers. "The thick and thin  
of it," says she. "I wonder what Mr.  
Fipps will say when she sees them."

"There she is in the doorway," says  
I. "And if I'm any judge she's in  
shape to say anything. Looks like a  
was just kasepin' and gettin' plump  
the gills."

"Why, she's positively glaring!" says  
Vee.

"She ought to get her Rufus and make  
it a mixed foursome," I suggests. "Ma-  
bokin' look that girl towers over Hartley  
She could easily reel her chin in and  
couldn't she? But it don't seem to both-  
either of 'em. Look like they was en-  
joyin' themselves."

Anyway, they kept it up for three  
dances in succession, with Doris at  
Mrs. Fipps' nudgin'. Indignant from the  
side lines. And when I went to retrieve  
my hat and coat, along about 1 a.m.,  
runs across Hartley in the smokin' room.  
He's indulgin' in a rather long look  
in his wilted collar for a fresh one.

"Say, you're a fast worker when you  
get started, ain't you?" he asks.

"How are you and the slim Tennessee  
queen coming along?"

"Oh, just fine!" says he. "Do you  
know, Torchy, she's quite a remarkable  
girl? Clever, talented, all that sort of  
thing. And she seems to understand  
fellow so well."

"Uh-huh," says I. "That's what  
thought when I saw her going fifth  
fit and she was on the ice cream."

Well, that affair has been going  
for ten days now and the gossip is that  
Doris has been ditched permanent.

"Huh," says I. "I don't see how it  
wild about it at first, but after Hartley  
had told her what was what she calmed  
down. It was just another mis-deal-  
in."

"How odd!" says Vee. "But I sup-  
pose it's only the law of nature sel-  
tion working out."

"Huh," says I. "I didn't know they  
passed a law like that. You ought  
to tell Mrs. Fipps. She acts like a  
though it was just another mis-deal-  
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**A Railroad Plantation.**  
From the American Forestry Magazine.

A magnificent plantation of white  
pine growing directly in the limits  
of a railroad right-of-way is a rare  
sight, and is somewhat of a surprise  
to those who suppose that a railroad  
marks one continuous line of forest  
fires and devastation.

About sixty years ago the official  
charge of the right-of-way of the  
Greenville branch of the Boston and  
Maine railroad, although in those  
days this branch was a tiny independ-  
ent railroad, known as the Shir-  
ley and Peterboro, apparently because  
ran from Ayer, Mass., to Greenville,  
N. H., conceived the idea that a do-  
ble row of pines on the north side  
the track would serve as an effec-  
snow-break.

Acting on this idea, he planted  
Townsend, Mass., about three miles  
from the railroad, although in those  
apart and eight feet apart in the row.  
A few sections of this snow-break  
were apparently burned out, but the  
greater part is growing today, and  
monument to the foresight and gen-  
erous of this pioneer railroad man.

wing collar sawin' into his short neck,  
and his pudgy hands straiten the  
seams of his white kids, he looks  
more like a pink and white sausage  
than ever.

"Oh, I don't seem quite so bored  
as usual, and instead of givin' me  
of his long-distance nods he suddenly  
pawed me familiarly and arruin' out  
a new lot of enests besides. All for  
the sake of buildin' a hospital some-  
time or other. You know the kind  
of thing. Well, wasn't I nudgin' 'em  
in the mob, and I don't expect he was  
wonderin' where I was, either. But  
somehow, along about the third  
dance, I finds myself pushed into a  
corner right next to him. And with  
his buigin' shirt front, and a tight

stuffed party like Hartley that I didn't  
mind gettin' to the bottom of it. I  
hadn't planned any josh on him either,  
but when I finally located Doc Dickin-  
son, who'd filled a couple of cavities  
for me only last week, I couldn't help  
springin' a little comedy stuff.

"Say, Doc, whose the tall queen you  
brought along tonight?" I asks.

"Guest, or something? The one in  
white, I mean."

"Oh, that's her. 'Why, that must be  
Ann. Mrs. Dickinson's cousin, you  
know. Would you like to meet her?"

"I wouldn't mind," says I, "but the  
interested party is young Hartley  
Fipps."

"Really?" says the Doc, lifting his  
eyebrows. "Well, I'm sure it can be  
arranged. I'll ask Ann."

"But where does she come from and  
—and all that?" says I.

"Why," says he, "she came from our  
old home town, Nashvile. Just now  
though, she's living in New York.  
She's studying art. Out here for a  
week or so on a visit and—well, here  
she comes now."

So the next thing I knew I was  
being introduced. She didn't try any  
too, for such a—stout person. He did  
drop a bit too much, but he kept  
splendid time and seemed to lead his  
partner so well. Rather a round,  
pink face, he had."

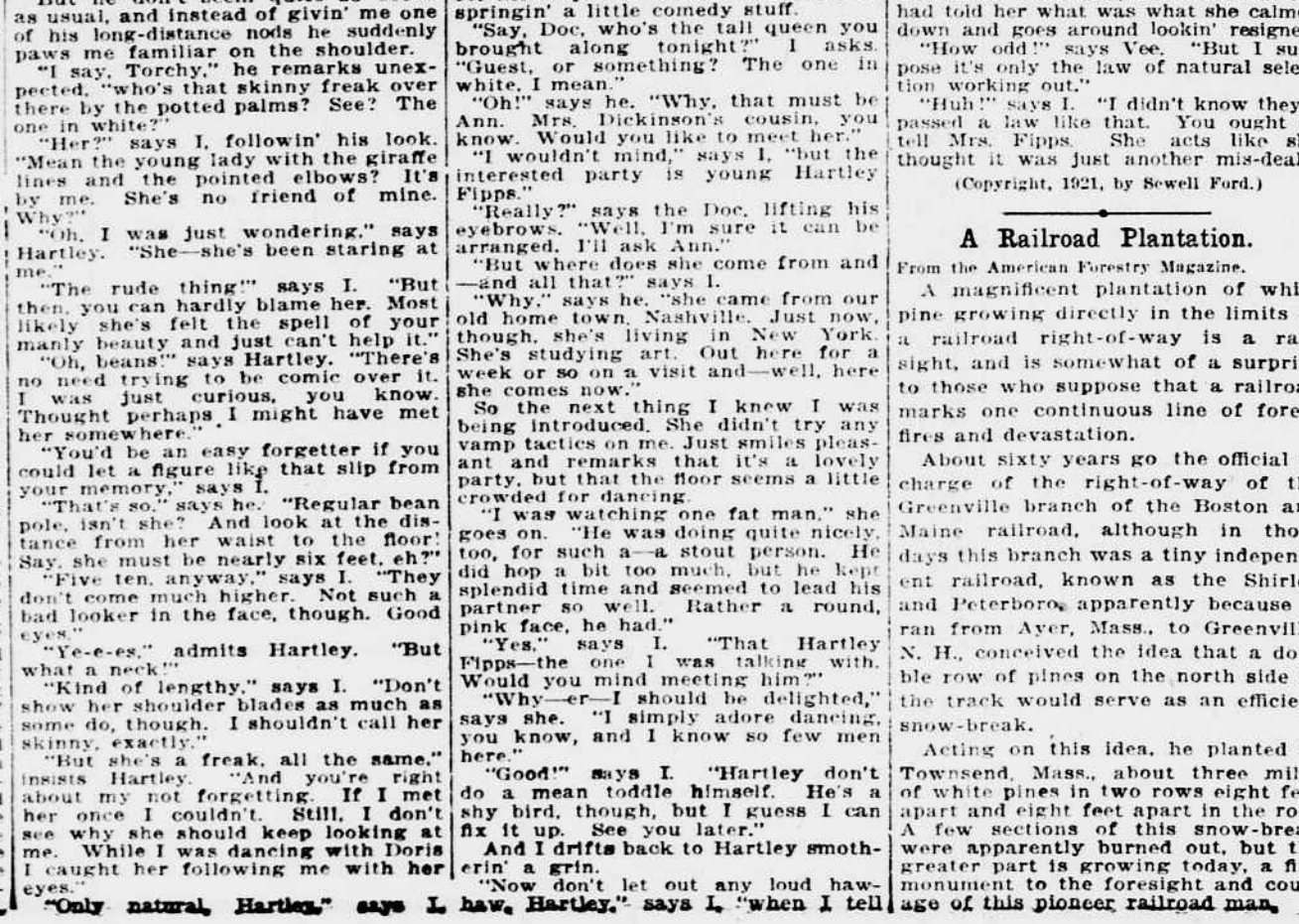
"Yes," says I. "That Hartley  
Fipps, eh? He was talkin' with you.  
Would you mind meeting him?"

"Why—er—I should be delighted,"  
says she. "I simply adore dancing,  
you know, and I know so few men  
here."

"Good!" says I. "Hartley don't  
do a mean fiddle himself. He's a  
shy bird, though, but I guess I can  
fix it up. See you later."


And I drifts back to Hartley smotherin' a grin.

"Now don't let out any loud haw-  
I saw, Hartley," says I, "when I tell



**SOCIETY IS LOCATED IN WASHINGTON**

National Geographic Society Has 750,000 Members and Diffuses Geographic Knowledge Throughout the World—The Mechanical Side of Sending Out Great Masses of Printed Matter—The Story of a Brewery Turned Into a Model Office Building.



Perhaps the most unexpected and romantic is that of a commodious red-brick building alongside the Eckington freight yards at 2d and Randolph streets northeast.

The erstwhile brewery now is a model office building. It houses a part of the clerical force of a vast educational institution, and also the mechanical department of an institute which channels its printed message to every estate in the Union and to every corner in the world which knows a postal service. The building has been taken over by the National Geographic Society for its membership records, a library, a museum, a reading room and for storage of its publications and white paper to be used in the society's yearbook, the "National Geographic Magazine."

The headquarters of the National Geographic Society, at 1st and M streets, long ago was torn down from the capital. But many a person who has passed that building for years will remember it as the seat of the methods and machinery that a society with an enrollment of 750,000 members has developed to reach an audience greater than the total population of Greater New York—keeps in mind.

The mechanics of an institution which diffuses world geography through the written word are an interesting phase of District of Columbia geography.

The National Geographic Society is the largest educational and scientific society in the world. That the Geographic Magazine is the largest distributed magazine has the largest direct circulation of any magazine in the world. That the National organization which requires a postal adjoining a railroad siding to preserve its papers and sort its needs only feed these frames into an addressing machine, and the automatic stamps and rejects those so tabulated to a later date. Similarly, in addressing wrappers, the machine separates the quick from the dead.

Simplified to the nth degree, there still are thirty-nine sections of metal plates, deposited in cases weighing many tons more. The frames arched like metal drabs of metal cabinets which stretch in tiers along a room 14 feet long. Were these stencils placed end to end they would form a metal band that would bind Baltimore to Washington and then stretch to the farthest reaches of the young women are at work on these files, changing tabs and cards as dues are paid, inserting new subscribers' names, removing those of members who die and changing addresses as requested.

The cards are arranged in an alphabetical straightaway order. The aisles might resemble an Indian trader's shop, with eighty competitors dashing all ways at once, when the fourscore clerks begin their work or imitating the movements of a hundred men searching for cards in the big card catalog of books over at the reading room. There are fifty-one hundred Twenty thousand operations—that is, 20,000 cards taken out and put back each day, and the number of other adjustments—is the daily average.

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SO the cards are divided into thirty-nine sections, geographically, and each of thirty-nine young women is a clerical expert in her own right, a member of the society, hangs both a human and efficiency tale. Efficiency, because steps are saved and errors may be traced to the person making them. Human, because a personal pride in a cross-section of the day's work or which she is directly responsible supplies.

nations, because it was there when those nations were selected child and adult mountaineer who came from the swaddling clothes of illiterate provincialism through the magic wand of education to the banks of the banker, the exporter, who find scientific and technical information of such value.

The Eckington office takes high rank not only for magnitude of its operation, but for the care given to its provision for hygiene, comfort and agreeable working conditions for its employees. The room is brightly lighted by eighty-eight windows, twenty-four transoms and by glass doors which make his reason the ventilation also is good.

A lunchroom has been installed, at least one prepared by a graduate of the dietetic school, and food at cost of the food alone, no overhead being included in the menu prices. A train of waitresses comes and goes when the offices are open. There is a commodious restroom and hospital room equipped with "first aid" ministrations.

The activities mentioned do not exhaust the interesting things carried on in the new building. There is a machine which can address 50,000 letters a day, another which can address 125,000, and several mimeograph machines for multigraphing, mimeographing, folding and envelope sealing.

Nor does this building include all the clerical and mechanical departments of the society. There is a magazine of the size of the Geographic is another fascinating story. It is kept in a room at the top of an even larger plant at Florida avenue and Eckington place northwest.

As noted, the huge volume of the daily mail is received at the society's headquarters on 16th street, the editorial staff mustered here, and the editorial files are located there, and in that way the society's growing geographic library is maintained.

**GIRL OPERATING MACHINE WHICH STAMPS DATES OF PAYMENTS OF DUES BY MEMBERS UPON RECEIPTS. ONE PHASE OF THE BOOK-KEEPING OF A SOCIETY SUPPORTED WHOLLY BY THE DUES OF 750,000 MEMBERS.**

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